

- 768 WILDE (Oscar, *wit and dramatist*). A.L.S., *initials*, 2 pp. 4to, Hôtel Marsolles, Rue Marsolles [June 1, '99], to LEONARD SMITHERS, *with envelope* (FINE) £6 10s

"Business relations with you have always their comedy side. . . . As regards Roberts' statements that you were all the while acting for him (either with tacit or written agreement) what do you say about them? I hear he showed much of his native fun on the subject, and indeed was very amusing. . . . His terms you remember were £100 on the completion of each act—£400 in all, besides clothes, Hotel Bill, etc. Your terms were £25 for each Act. I cannot understand why you do not see that I must know exactly the facts of the case," etc.

- 769 — A.L.S., 3 pp. 8vo, Paris (no date) to the SAME, mentioning MRS. BROWN POTTER £5

"I would also wish—would not repeat anything about the Venice jaunt in the late spring."

- 770 — A.L.S., 4 pp. 8vo, 16, Tite Street, Chelsea, S.W. [Feb. 24, 1885], to G. H. KERLEY, the poet, *with envelope* £2 10s

" I am sure that you will do beautiful work some day. You have the temperament of the artist. . . ." etc.

- 771 — A.L.S., 3 pp. 8vo, 16, Tite Street, Chelsea, S.W. [Jan. 3, 1890], to THE SAME, *with envelope* £2 10s

" It is ages since we met, and I want to hear all about you, etc."

- 772 — ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT of "IN THE GOLD ROOM: A HARMONY," 1 p. 4to, *three verses* £18

"Her ivory hands on the ivory keys
Strayed in the fitful fantasy,
Like the silver gleam when the poplar trees
Rustle their pale leaves listlessly,
Or the drifting foam of a restless sea
When the waves show their teeth in the flying breeze.
Her gold hair fell on the wall of gold,
Like the delicate gossamer tangles spun
On the burnished disk of the marigold,
Or the sun-flower turning to meet the sun
When the gloom of the zealous night is done,
And the spear of the lily is aureoled.
And her sweet red lips on these lips of mine
Burned like the ruby fire set
In the swinging lamp of a crimson shrine,
Or the bleeding wounds of the pomegranate,
Or the heart of the lotos drenched and wet
With the spilt-out blood of the rose-red wine."

- 773 — ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT of "AUTUMN," THREE verses of 4 lines each, 1 p. 4to, *signed* £16

The lilie's withered chalice falls
Around its rod of dusty gold,
And from the beech trees on the wold
The last wood pigeon coos and calls.
The gaudy leonine sunflower
Hangs black and barren on its stalk,
And soon the windy garden-walk
The dead leaves scatter hour by hour.
Pale privet-petals, white as milk,
Are blown into a snowy mass:
The roses lie upon the grass
Like little shreds of crimson silk.

Published in the St. Moritz Post, Christmas Number, 1888.